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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

LOOK  
At this little Tag and  
see how YOU stand  
with the Herald.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1894.

NO. 30.

**MOTHERS FRIEND**  
Lessens Pain, Insures Safety to  
Life of Mother and Child.  
My wife, after having used Mothers  
Friend, passed through the ordeal  
with little pain, was delivered by cesar  
section in a week after the birth  
of her first child. J. J. McGOLDRICK,  
Beaumont, Tenn.  
MOTHERS FRIEND, the best of all  
the world's best. I have the best  
child I ever saw.  
Mrs. L. M. ARLEN, Cochran, Ga.  
Expressed in every direction, charges prepaid, care  
taken to insure delivery. Book of Mothers Friend  
sent free. Write to J. J. McGOLDRICK, Beaufort, N. C.

**B. L. KELLEY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in Ohio and ad-  
joining counties. Special attention given to  
collections. Office with County Attorney.

**H. F. MATTHEWS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FORDSVILLE, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in Ohio and ad-  
joining counties. Special attention given to  
collections.

**W. H. BARNES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in all the  
courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and  
in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to  
collections. Office over Carson & Co's.

**HEAVRIN & TAYLOR,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice their profession in all the  
courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and  
in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to  
collections. Office in County Attorney's office.

**Glenn & Wedding,**  
LAWYERS,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice their profession in all the  
courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and  
in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to  
collections. Office in County Attorney's office.

**Massie & Hayward,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Hartford, Kentucky.  
WILL practice their profession in all the  
courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and  
in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to  
collections. Office north side of public square.

**James A. Smith,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in Ohio and  
adjoining counties. Special attention  
given to collections. Office north side of public square.

**F. L. FELIX,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Hartford, Ky.  
WILL PRACTICE in the courts of Ohio  
and adjoining counties. Prompt at-  
tention given to all business entrusted to his  
care. Office in Herald Building.

**J. EDWIN ROWE,**  
COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in Ohio and  
adjoining counties. Special attention  
given to Criminal Practice, Settlement of  
Deceased's Estates and Collections. Prompt  
attention given to all business entrusted to  
him.

**J. B. WILSON,**  
COUNTY  
SURVEYOR  
And Notary Public for Ohio County.

**J. R. PIRTLE,**  
DENTIST,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
I am prepared to do all kinds of dental work  
on short notice, at reasonable prices. Satis-  
faction guaranteed. Office over Williams &  
Bell's drug store.

**J. H. WHITE,**  
DENTIST,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
I am prepared to do all kinds of dental work  
on short notice, at reasonable prices. Satis-  
faction guaranteed. Office over Williams &  
Bell's drug store.

## STORY OF WITCHCRAFT

IN THE SOUTH—OLD KATE BATT'S  
AWFUL SPELL.

History of the Famous Bell Witch  
and Its Tragical Persecution  
of an Entire Family  
in Tennessee.

A CHAPTER OF MYSTERY

(New York World.)

Here is almost the strangest story  
ever written—a tragedy of witchcraft be-  
yond anything in the annals of Salem,  
now published for the first time. In  
its day it was the sensation of two  
States. People of eminence and rep-  
utation, Andrew Jackson among them,  
went miles to investigate it. The fame  
of it spread throughout the South. The  
witchcraft was wrought by something  
outside human ken—something which  
had power to take any shape it pleased,  
to change from one to another in the  
twinkling of an eye; that spoke and  
fought, and ran, and flew.

It all happened seventy-five years  
back. Unlike those other noted mani-  
festations, the Cook Lane ghost and the  
Roanoke knockings, no explanation  
has ever been given of it. Those  
afflicted shrank from publicity, regard-  
ing what they called their "our family  
trouble." For their own protection,  
however, one of the sons wrote down an  
exact statement of all its wonderful  
manifestations. A family council de-  
cided that it was better left unpub-  
lished so long as any of the original suffer-  
ers was alive.

The last of them died a year or two  
ago, and now the history has been made  
public in a most interesting and well-  
illustrated book.

M. V. Ingram, of Clarksville, Tenn.,  
is the compiler, and responsible author  
of the book. By his permission a syn-  
opsis of the story has been obtained. It  
is the most pitiful record—hard and  
severe as a Greek tragedy, yet at times  
dripping with humor. The witch—  
the Bell Witch, to give the full name,  
style and title—was a creature of in-  
finite spite and more infinite malignity.  
The central figure, John Bell, was an  
honest, God-fearing planter in Robert-  
son county, Tenn., notably thrifty,  
intelligent and upright. He had land—a  
thousand acres—slaves and stock. His  
wife was a pattern of all the Christian  
virtues. There were five sons and two  
daughters.

The witch's human exponent was a  
neighbor, in almost the same social  
grade as her victims—a big woman,  
strident and coarse. She went through  
the country daily, walking in front of  
her old gray horse, with a copper  
hemp riding skirt flung over her  
arm. A negro girl led the horse, and  
two smaller negroes walked on either  
side of it. Ostensibly the woman's busi-  
ness was to buy wool, fax, butter and  
eggs. But it was whispered that she  
went abroad that she might beg a brass  
pin of someone she met. If she got it,  
the giver was thereafter always sub-  
ject to her spell.

She was wonderfully pious in spite of  
her witchery. Though she got to  
church late—she never failed to shout be-  
fore it was finished.

It was this woman's familiar which the  
Bell Witch preclaimed itself to be. The  
tortured family, though, gave the  
proclamation neither credence nor cur-  
rency. They had come out from North  
Carolina to Tennessee in 1804. It was  
in the summer of 1817 that anything  
unusual first made itself manifest.  
Then John Bell, the father, met a strange  
dog, shot at it and saw it vanish, changing  
its shape as it went. One of his sons  
had the same experience with what had  
seemed to him a wild turkey. Then, the  
negro wagoner, reported that a black  
witch-dog had chased him to his  
wife's house. Last of all, Betty, the  
youngest daughter, a girl of fourteen,  
saw a girl in light-green garments  
swinging under the limbs of a great tree.

Though Betty was so young, she had  
already a lover, as was fit and proper  
for a tall, pretty girl with eyes blue as  
the sky, skin like cream and rose leaves,  
and the finest yellow hair. He had  
been her schoolmate at Mr. Powell's  
academy, and, next to herself, was the  
master's favorite pupil.

Gentle, amiable, the household pet  
and pride, it was certainly a most ma-  
lign spirit that could slay her face till  
it reddened with the mark of ghastly  
fingers, pull and tangle her fine yellow  
hair, stick her full of invisible pins un-  
til she screamed aloud, and end by  
throwing her into a sort of spasmodic  
trance, from which no effort could  
rouse her until the witch chose to re-  
lent. The seizure ran for an hour or  
so. If she were left undisturbed, she

IT SHARPENS  
the appetite,  
improves digestion,  
restores health and  
vigor, all the organs  
of the body are roused  
to healthy action by  
Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery.  
More than all, the  
liver and blood are  
cleansed to the whole  
system. You have pure  
blood, all the organs  
of the body are roused  
to healthy action by  
Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery.

health, the liver controls the blood, the  
"Discovery" controls the liver.  
You can escape just about half the ills that  
flesh is heir to, by being ready for them.  
Brace the system up with this medicine,  
which presents as well as cures. For all dis-  
eases caused by a disordered liver or impure  
blood—dyspepsia, biliousness, the most stub-  
born skin eruptions and eruptions affecting the  
throat and the only remedy so cer-  
tainly effective that it can be guaranteed.  
If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your  
money back.

You pay only for the good you get.

came out of it as one waking from re-  
freshing sleep. Physicians who exam-  
ined her said she was in perfect health.  
Her father had even more mysterious  
ailments. His tongue would seem to  
swell, until speech or swallowing was  
impossible. It was, he said, as  
though a stick had been set crosswise in  
his mouth. By and by the swelling  
turned to a series of spasmodic twit-  
chings of the whole body. For more  
than a year the witch showed itself only  
at intervals in the form of a hare, very  
old and thin and lame, or a black dog  
or a big strange bird. But every  
night, as soon as lights were out, there  
began a carnival of noises—knockings,  
scratches, gnawings, the sound of  
heavy chains dragged over bare floors.  
Investigation showed nothing. The  
whole house was ransacked, turned up-  
side down, but in vain.

The noises became so unendurable  
that Mr. Bell called in one of his neigh-  
bors, a brother Baptist, Mr. Johnson,  
hoping that his powerful prayers might  
send away the witch. Mr. Johnson  
came and prayed, but did not conquer.  
He was hardly sung in bed when whiff  
went sheets, counterpane, pillows and  
bolster.

Thus it happened that the Bell house  
was thronged every night by watchers.  
At first the witch answered questions  
by raps and knocks. But soon it made  
articulate speech, at first low and fal-  
tering, but strengthening until it was  
heard throughout the room.

What follows only the book can ade-  
quately tell. The witch gave a hun-  
dred accounts of it. It was an In-  
dian spirit whose bones had been dis-  
turbed; a child done to death in North  
Carolina, and haunting the Bells for  
vengeance; an early settler who had  
buried gold and silver under a big rock  
near the Bell spring, and sought to  
have it exhumed and given to Betty  
Bell; then it was the spirit of an evil  
stepmother; at last, when questioned  
by a minister and taxed with lying, it  
admitted itself to be "Old Kate Batt's  
witch," and that it meant to "worry old  
Jack Bell to death."

Here was sensation with a vengeance.  
Old Kate Batt, she of the riding skirt,  
was known to have had a slight dis-  
agreement with Mr. Bell. Neither be-  
nor his family, though, took the witch's  
statements for truth. Their neighbors  
were less forbearing. Thereafter the  
witch was known as Kate or Old Kate,  
and held more than ever in awe.

It was certainly a most astonishing  
goblin. It could quote Scripture in a  
way to astound the most learned min-  
ister. No transgression could be hidden  
from it. It searched out the most se-  
cret thoughts and proclaimed them  
from the housetops. It took supreme  
delight in going to church, and later,  
when the minister came to the Bell  
house, repeating his sermon, mimick-  
ing him exactly.

The witch was omnipresent, omni-  
scient. She replied to Mrs. Bell's inquiry  
about her son's trip to Carolina that he  
had returned and had fared badly, and  
thus heralded his return before the fam-  
ily saw him. She repeated parson  
Johnson's sermon, delivered thirteen  
miles away, to the person himself as he  
sat that night in Mr. Bell's house.  
Then the witch became profane and ri-  
bald, howled, sang and swore; and,  
worse still, became a fearful fiend, fill-  
ing the room with her tipsy breath.

Soon there was another strange de-  
velopment. In place of one witch there  
were four. Black Dog, Cyclopy, Cy-  
clopy, Mathematics and Jerusalem. Up  
to this time the voice had been femi-  
nine. Now Black Dog spoke in a high,  
harsh key, with feminine; Mathemat-  
ics and Cyclopy had softer femi-  
nine voices; Jerusalem the rough,  
changing pipe of a boy. All were ri-  
bald and furiously temperate. Many  
times doors and windows had to stand  
wide to escape the stench they made.  
They were forever quarrelling in tipsy  
fashion.

Betty paid a visit to her sister, who  
had married Bennett Porter. One day  
Mrs. Porter went out to greet a neigh-  
bor coming up the lane. She went out  
to greet her, but found an apparition,  
who was joined by two younger women  
and a boy. All four at once bent down  
and roared like children. Dr. Bell came  
out to see the phenomenon. Mr. Porter  
came up with his gun and fired at the  
dreaded apparition. That night at Mrs. Bell's the witch  
did something that was the beginning of  
the end. She married Schoolmaster  
Powell, whom the negroes had all along  
suspected of bringing on the trouble  
with that end in view. "Dat dar  
Marjo Powell, he strak de flint an  
ketch de fier in de eye," they said.

These marvelous stories of the Bell  
Witch are still current in Robertson  
county, Tenn., which was populated, as  
was the Blue Grass region of Kentucky,  
with emigrant yeomanry and gentry  
from Virginia and the Carolinas. They  
devoutly believe all that is here set  
down and much more besides. Now for  
almost three generations the Bell  
Witch has been a most fascinating his-  
tory and mystery. Stories are current  
of its reappearance as late as 1880.

BUCKLE UP, AMERICA!  
THE BEST BATTLE in the world for  
Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt  
Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped  
Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin  
Eruptions, and positively cures Erysipelas,  
or no pay required. It is guaranteed to  
give perfect satisfaction or money re-  
funded. Price 25 cents per box. For  
sale by Williams & Bell, Hartford, and  
R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaumont, Tenn.

Electropneum—Two Months' Rest \$5.  
A limited number of instruments will  
be rented at this nominal price, simply  
as an advertisement. You can not af-  
ford to miss this opportunity. It has  
never been made before, and will not  
last long. See advertisement else-  
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suppin' else say 'I lebel him down'.  
Don my tail was jerked hard, an' I  
kicked out, an' bofe my foot felled off  
kerlop in de road."

Dean declared in a most convincing  
manner the witches had turned him  
temporarily into a mule.

In the throngs who came to see and  
hear was Gen. Andrew Jackson, not  
yet President. His home, The Hermit-  
age, was some forty miles from the  
Bell house. He came with a party  
among whom was a famous witch doc-  
tor. He boasted that within three  
days he would unravel the mystery by  
means of a silver bullet and two inches  
of a black cat's tail. It was the tip of  
what had once been a witch cat. He  
had to tie his nose with it to  
make the whole invisible world plain to  
his eye. Then the silver bullet would  
do the rest.

Presently the party came to a halt.  
The road was dry and firm. The team  
had not been over-driven, yet in some  
mysterious fashion the wagon was  
stuck fast. In vain the driver lashed and  
swept vainly tugged at the wheels.  
At last Old Hickory threw up his hands,  
exclaiming: "By the eternal boys, it's  
the witch! Nothing else!" At once a  
metallic voice called from a near thicket:  
"Yes, General, it is the witch. You  
may go on now. I will see you again  
to-night."

At the Bell house the witch doctor  
said that he would soon unearth the in-  
famous. Gen. Jackson said, in a dis-  
gusted aside: "I wish the thing  
would make mince-meat of the brag-  
gart. I know he's an arrant coward." As  
if in answer the witch called out:  
"Here I am, General, ready for busi-  
ness!" Then to the witch doctor:  
"Now, Mr. Smarty, here I am! Shoot  
away!"

In spite of the cat's tail the seer saw  
not. Instead, he felt a rain of blows  
that sent him howling and scuttling  
around the room. Gen. Jackson laugh-  
ed, rolled on the ground and swore:  
"By the eternal boys, this is better  
than fighting the British! I never had  
so much fun in my life." Round and  
round, out of doors, up the lane went  
the witch, still pelting him until he  
howled aloud. Presently the un-  
seen voice called: "General, is that  
fun enough for to-night? I will come  
to-morrow, and show you another ras-  
cal in your crowd."

One morning in early fall, when Mr.  
Bell went out, his shoes were snatched  
from his feet as fast as they were tied  
on. He was beaten and twisted until  
there came upon him a seizure so vi-  
olent that when at last he got home he  
had to take to his bed. He was never  
outdoors again. His seizure had been  
accompanied by demonic singing in  
the air above him, that at last died to  
blood-curdling shrieks of triumph.

For two months he had the tender-  
est care. In December the crisis came.  
The witch said: "You need not try to  
wake Old Jack. I have got him this  
time. He has had his dose, and will  
never wake again." She had given the  
dying man a dose from a dark vial in  
the medicine closet.

A straw dipped in the same liquid  
was drawn over a cat's tongue. Within  
three minutes the creature had died in  
sharp convulsions. Mr. Bell lay in  
stunor, breathing heavily. The scent  
of the stuff in the bottle was distin-  
guishable in his breath. The vial and  
its contents were thrown in the fire,  
where they blazed up into sublimous  
flame. The next morning Bell died.  
The witch kept silence until the clouds  
were falling over him. Those nearest  
the grave heard high in air the weird  
voice singing:

Row up some brandy, O!  
Row up some brandy, O!  
Row me up some brandy, O!  
Row me up some brandy, O!

For three weeks the spirit lingered,  
mild and harmless. Then it left, but  
promised to return each seven years  
to some descendant of John Bell. It  
came earlier. After a year Betty  
plighted herself to Joshua Gardner. It  
was at a fishing party upon Red River,  
just beyond her home. Soon a mon-  
ster fish began to play pranks with the  
lines and poles. It dragged several in-  
to the stream and made the other fish  
leap so high every one knew some un-  
usual thing was happening. As Betty  
sat with her lover on the bank, the old  
sounded in her ear, "Please, please,  
Betty, don't marry Joshua Gardner."

Betty broke the engagement at once.  
After a time she married Schoolmaster  
Powell, whom the negroes had all along  
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## CELEBRATED CALF CASE

IOWA'S LEGAL COMEDY NOW IN  
A NEW STAGE.

Twenty Years of Suits—Costs  
and Judgments now Amount  
to \$30,000, and the  
End not in Sight.

ORIGINAL AMOUNT, \$45.00

(Philadelphia Times.)

The "Jones county calf case" will  
vex the souls of coming Blackstones for  
a century. It is the "Jarndyce vs.  
Jarndyce" of America, and by compar-  
ison with it the Myra Clarke Gaines  
case pales its ineffectual fires. The  
heirs of Anneke Jans would be happy  
could they divide the mere court costs  
in the Jones county calf case. The  
map of Iowa has been devastated by this  
insidious litigation, and Horace Boies  
and other boys have grown to be men  
and lawyers, too, since it began its in-  
festive career. For a score of years  
the readers of American newspapers  
have been in the habit of seeing here  
and there at sporadic intervals and in  
unlooked-for connections mysterious  
allusions to the great "Jones county  
calf case," and arithmetical geniuses  
have ever and anon blanched before its  
involved accounts and gone driving to  
lunatic asylums after vainly attempt-  
ing to compute its costs and ascertain  
its results.

Exaggeration? By no means. I have  
taken pains to gather at first hand from  
the plaintiff, from Jones county officials and  
from other quarters, the facts of this  
singular story, now set forth to the pub-  
lic for the first time. There is no  
stranger chapter in the annals of Amer-  
ican law. The plaintiff himself writes  
me: "Some of the best farmers in Jones  
county lost all their property long ago  
in laying this case. Then their chil-  
dren and friends took it up and fought  
it as long as they could. It is still  
alive!" And it has long since passed  
from the condition of a neighborhood  
scandal to the magnificent proportions  
of a national curiosity.

This is how it came about: Robert  
Johnson, an Ohio boy, of Virginia  
stock, went to farming in 1858 in Jones  
county, Iowa. In 1874 farmer Potter,  
of Greene county, an acquaintance of  
Johnson, came to Johnson and said he  
wanted to buy some calves. A man  
named Smith, a stranger thereabouts,  
who has since succeeded in concealing  
himself from observation, must have  
heard of this: he went to Johnson and  
sold him five small dark calves, which  
on June 4, 1874, Johnson delivered to  
Potter. Just then farmer John Fore-  
man, of Jones county, discovered that  
five calves had disappeared from his  
farm. He had seen Johnson drive five  
calves away to deliver to Potter, but  
made no inquiry about the matter until  
afterward. Farmer Peter Onstott saw  
farmer Johnson deliver the five small,  
dark calves to drover Potter. When  
farmer Foreman missed his calves he  
followed drover Potter to Greene county,  
Iowa, and found his missing prop-  
erty in Potter's herd. Potter said he  
had bought from Johnson the calves,  
which Foreman now identified as his  
own. So Foreman went back to Jones  
county and demanded from Johnson  
the value of his missing calves, which  
Johnson, though an innocent man,  
gave to Foreman in the shape of a note  
for \$45.

Johnson then tried to find the mys-  
terious villain Smith, intending, no  
doubt, to make Smith give him (John-  
son) a note for \$45, but Smith had van-  
ished. Determined to have satisfaction  
somehow, Johnson, who was then only  
30 odd years of age, took a jaunt out to  
Greene county, and, on being shown  
by Potter the calves which farmer Fore-  
man had claimed as his missing prop-  
erty, swore that he (Johnson) had never  
sold those calves to Potter and that he  
would not pay the \$45 note he had given to  
Foreman.

Mr. Foreman then concluded that it  
was time for him to take another hand  
in the game. He was fairly pining for  
the excitement of a lawsuit. He sent  
word to Potter that if he (Potter) did  
not institute criminal proceedings  
against Johnson, he (viz., Foreman),  
would invoke the majesty of the crim-  
inal law against him (Potter). So Pot-  
ter went all the way to Jones county  
again, joined the Anti-Horse Thief As-  
sociation and succeeded in having the  
unfortunate Johnson indicted for the  
larceny of \$45 worth of calves. The  
mysterious villain named Smith still  
remained in abeyance. This was in  
December, 1874. Now comes fun.

The indictment was quashed in May,  
1875. In December, 1875, a new in-  
dictment was found and a change of  
venue to Cedar county was secured by  
Johnson. In 1876 there was a trial,  
and the jury stood 11 to 1 for acquitting  
Johnson. Then there was another trial  
and Johnson was acquitted, farmer  
Peter Onstott testifying that the calves  
Foreman claimed had sold to Potter,  
and that Potter knew it, and had even  
admitted it, but had advised farmer  
Onstott to keep his mouth shut, which  
farmer Onstott would under no cir-  
cumstances agree to do.

"Heigho," said farmer Johnson to  
himself, after hearing farmer Onstott  
testify, "let us have more law." So he  
began an action for \$10,000 damages in  
Anamosa, Linn county, against seven  
prominent members of the Anti-Horse  
Thief Association. A verdict for \$3,000

was rendered in Johnson's favor, but  
the Judge, probably hating to see a  
leading calf case spoiled, as it were, set  
the verdict aside. The defendants were  
anti-horse thieves, as follows: E. V.  
Miller, David Fall, John Foreman, Abe  
Miller, Harmon Kellar and S. D. Pot-  
ter. They were real glad, the Judge  
felt, that he had charged the jury  
wrong. When there was another trial,  
the jury disagreed.

All hands now voted for a change of  
venue, and more juries and more trials.  
So they moved the Jones county calf  
case to the town of Clinton, in  
Clinton county, Iowa, and let the jury  
assess \$7,500 damages in Johnson's  
favor. The Clinton County Judge pon-  
dered while and finally concluded that  
the verdict of the jury should have been  
against only six of the seven anti-horse  
thieves, as there was no evidence against  
the seventh, Harmon Kellar. So away  
went the verdict, and everybody said:  
"Set 'em up again!"

The Jones county calf case was now  
moved to Blackhawk county, Iowa.  
Judge Bagz got hold of the case, and  
when the jury found a verdict of \$5,000  
in Johnson's favor, he (Bagz) promptly  
overruled a motion for a new trial  
and entered judgments against the six  
remaining anti-horse thieves.

The Supreme Court of Iowa now  
took a hack at the Jones county calf  
case and reversed this judgment on ap-  
peal. Johnson, who had been worth  
more than \$10,000 when the calf case  
began, was now (1888) almost a pauper,  
and the costs taxed in court, inde-  
pendent of enormous attorneys' fees  
and expenses, were \$3,336.43. Seventy  
witnesses were held for 11 days in the  
town of Blackhawk, and the hotel had  
such a boom that it declared a quar-  
terly dividend before the case was half  
over. There was another trial and an-  
other verdict for Johnson, who had be-  
come so used to getting verdicts that he  
was almost reconciled to not getting  
anything else. The Supreme Court had  
become quite interested in the Jones  
county calf case, by this time, how-  
ever, and it promptly set the verdict  
aside.

"There was a sound of revelry by  
night" in Waterloo soon afterward, for  
it was formally announced that the  
Jones county calf case was to be tried  
all over again. Mr. Johnson got an-  
other verdict for \$1,000, and the six  
anti-horse thieves again appealed to the  
Supreme Court. They didn't want to  
pay \$7,000 worth of court costs if they  
could help it, but the Supreme Court  
couldn't reverse the judgment.

Having been mulcted in this grievous  
manner, the six anti-horse thieves  
now came into court once more and  
asked if they couldn't have \$1,000  
knocked off the bill of costs they had to  
pay, inasmuch as Harmon Kellar, who  
had been let off by the Clinton  
County Judge, ought to pay at least  
one-seventh of the costs for all the fun  
he had had. Judge Lineham over-  
ruled the motion of the six anti-horse  
thieves, but they were not discouraged  
by a little thing like that, and they  
once more appealed to the Supreme  
Court of Iowa, where the case is now  
pending on this point. The six anti-  
horse thieves are pretty well ruined by  
this time, and Johnson, who has had to  
leave Jones county, and lives near by  
in Cedar county, may eventually get  
back a part of the comfortable little  
fortune he has blown in on the \$45  
calves. Dozens of lawyers have fatten-  
ed on calf case fees, and 114 jurors have  
went up on the Big Sulphur Creek for  
a day's fishing, and, as he started out  
at daybreak, he saw a little wayside  
shanty, in front of which stood a horse  
trough and a sign: "Hot Meals at All  
Hours." The trough did double ser-  
vice as a drinking place for tired and  
dusty horses and a lavatory for the  
guests of the "hotel."

"That's just the place," said Walter  
to himself. "I'll fish up stream, and  
then down again, so that I'll reach here  
at noon." He carried out his programme, went  
to the "hotel," where he rubbed soft  
soap around his neck and washed it off  
in the horse trough, and then seated  
himself at the wooden table. An old  
Missourian sat smoking in one corner,  
and never budged or paid the slightest  
attention to Mansfield, who was nib-  
bling at a cracker he found on the  
table.

"Well, where is my dinner?" in-  
quired the hungry sportsman.  
"That," and the rancher aimed the  
stem of his pipe at the table.  
"Why, your sign says 'Hot Meals at  
All Hours.'"  
"That she is. Crackers an' pepper  
sauce."

Model Reporting.  
(Lippincott's.)  
This line of "faking" is followed  
frequently when the telegraph service  
from the point of interest is poor or  
when there is danger of storms crippling  
the telegraph wires. Probably the  
most elaborate "fake" on record was  
the story of the inauguration of Pres-  
ident Harrison in 1889, sent out by one  
of the press associations. It was a  
twelve-thousand-word story, most care-  
fully written on the lines of the pro-  
gramme laid out for the inauguration  
ceremony. It was divided into sections,  
each of which was lettered. The intro-  
duction was "Letter A," the procession  
was "Letter B," the division was in-  
tended to simplify the work of sending  
out corrections and of inserting the  
speeches, for which spaces had been  
left. This enormous story was sent out  
between five and ten o'clock on the  
morning of March 4, and it was put in  
type in newspaper offices in all parts of  
the country before noon. During the  
day, whenever there was a departure  
from the programme, a correction was  
sent out by the press association, and the  
necessary change was made in the com-  
posing-rooms of the newspapers. By

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the time the ceremony was over, the  
last correction had been made and the  
last speech inserted in its proper place;  
and within half an hour newspapers  
with complete stories of the inaugura-  
tion were selling on the streets of the  
leading cities in the country. If the  
press association had waited until the  
different features of the